Frontiers of Psychiatry and Religion

—Victor White

THE

Commonweal

Christmas and Home

by Bishop Robert J. Dwyer

Conversation with Cardinal Lercaro

by Philip Merrifield

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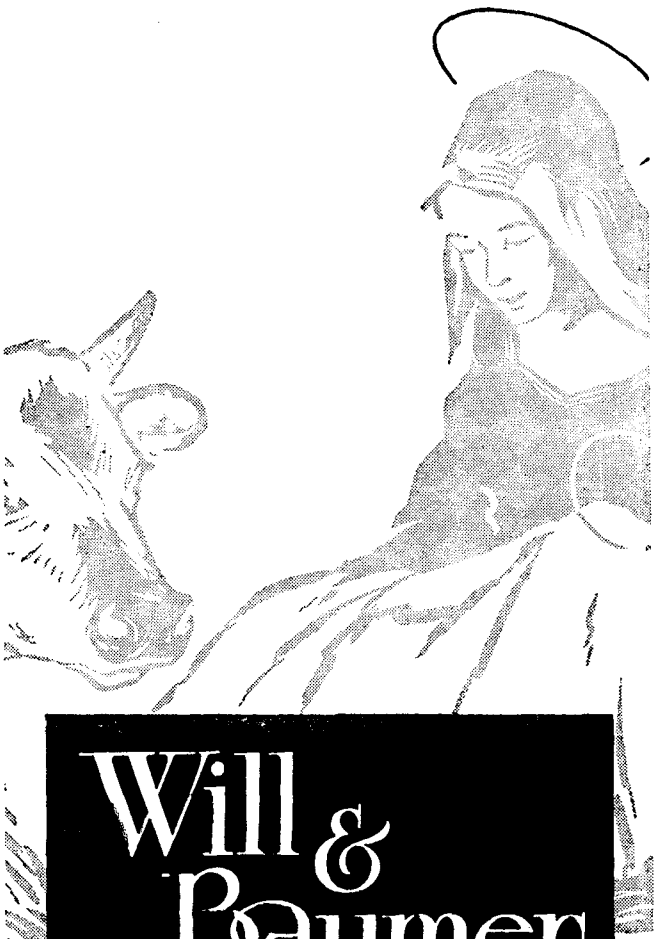
And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

St. Luke 2:7



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THE

Commonweal

week by week

THE SHAPE OF OUR POLICY

AT this annual time of beginning anew it is well, in the political order, to turn to a reconsideration of the aims of American foreign policy. Such an appraisal underlies the hectic debate over coexistence, and the debate may well be illuminated by talking again about what we as a nation wish to accomplish.

Is the aim of American policy peace? Obviously it is—but peace with justice. Those two words are in the deepest sense identified, yet in current politics they frequently seem contradictory.

The Soviet Union's coexistence campaign plays upon the world's longing for peace. To agree to coexistence on Soviet terms would, of course, mean the abandonment of justice; the United States cannot agree to the legalization or rationalization of the Communist imperial conquests. Our obligation to the captive peoples of East Europe demands that we continue to press for, at the minimum, the withdrawal of the Red Army to the borders of the Soviet Union. Such a withdrawal would not solve the problem of the satellite peoples, but would remove the external force which today blocks any movement in East Europe towards justice.

Mr. Dulles had plans for pressing the liberation of East Europe, but they came to little. There is admittedly not a great deal that can now be done in the area of propaganda and clandestine activities except to keep alive the hope of the captive peoples. There is, however, reason to think that over a period of time the occupation of the satellites might be made unprofitable to the Soviet Union. Passive resistance to the occupation governments on the part of the people of the area will contribute to gaining our goal when it is coupled with unremitting diplomatic action from the West demanding free elections, the exchange of correspondents and information, free access for world labor organizations, UN specialized agencies, religious groups, such organizations as the Red Cross—all this designed to pry up the iron curtain as far as possible and to demonstrate to the non-Communist world who it is that continues to press the curtain down.

This kind of action is obviously not what the Soviet Union wants when it speaks of coexistence. It may not be what all Americans want when they speak of coexistence. Yet the actions described above are not provocations, nor are they preventive war, nor do they imprudently risk preventive war.

AN even greater problem for the United States today is that of preventing further Communist aggression. The Communist underground holds considerable power in South Viet Nam; it will take fast, resolute and expensive action to shore up the Diem government and provide it with a reliable military arm. The Communists are strong in Indonesia; Finland, under terrible Soviet political and economic pressures, is weakening; Afghanistan is a new subject of Soviet penetration. The Communist "soft" policy is producing results in the neutralist sectors of world opinion.

In the underdeveloped areas of the world, military guarantees provide a dyke against Communism—an incomplete and low dyke, to be sure; only technical and economic assistance can reclaim the ground already lost to Communism. The excellent Asian aid program now being discussed in Washington deserves the strongest possible support from the American public. The potentialities of the Atoms for Peace organization which the UN is to set up are enormously important. The temper of Mr. Eisenhower's remarkable December 2nd press conference was realistic and a cause for confidence in the Administration's new approach. But so much remains to be done.

The continuing Soviet offensive makes it perfectly clear that the only definition which the United States can permit itself to place on "coexistence" is: absence of world war. The lack of such a clear definition is the source of much of the confusion in the American debate. Preventive war is sometimes put forward as the single alter-

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native to coexistence on Communist terms, and preventive war, or the provocation of preventive war, is an intolerable action; war is not the universal solvent that we, in our impatience, sometimes would like to think.

There is a middle way. The United States can wage cold war against the monstrous injustice of the Soviet empire without provoking preventive war, without making truculent threats, without expecting the walls of Jericho to tumble down at our demand, rather, with the humble recognition that the best we can expect is that exhaustingly slow progress towards true peace of which the President spoke.

True peace through tears: not a grand prospect for us to face in the glad season of Christ's birth, but one which ought to be recognized by Christians as having the shape of that hard progress which is our inheritance; our inheritance, but also, in Christ, our magnificent hope.

AMERICA AS HAVEN

ONE of the chief ingredients of the widespread feeling of anti-Americanism in the world is our continuing restrictive policy on immigration. In the minds of many we have built up a well-nourished form of existence which we decline to share. Moreover, we appear to expect those whom we bar from our productive shores to take up arms to defend us and our comparatively luxurious manner of life against those who would take it from us. Some of our critics feel all the more bitter about it because they realize that emigration to habitable lands holds the key for hard-pressed national economies such as Italy's and others'.

The United States is still committed to a restrictive policy despite the time-hallowed American tradition of serving as a haven for the oppressed and freedom-loving peoples of the earth. Yet there are certain changes in process. For economy reasons far-famed Ellis Island, through which millions of aliens first gained their way into the United States, was shut down last month. From now on entrants whose papers are in order are supposed to be admitted with little or none of the delay that was characteristic of Ellis Island. The disposition of the others, however, remains somewhat hazy at present. At first doubtful immigrants were thrown into jails and subjected to separation of families and other indignities typical of such incarceration. Then a New York hotel became the receiving center but its availability for such purposes was not scheduled to be of long duration. Presumably a more human procedure for handling new arrivals can before long be organized.

Meanwhile there is at last some headway to report on resettlement in this country of refugees from behind the Iron Curtain. Up to three months ago barely eight thousand of the 214,000 provided for in the 1953 Refugee Relief Act had been admitted. Now another seven thousand visas have been granted under the Act and immigration officials believe that, if enough sponsors for such immigrants come forward, the full total will be accounted for by October 1956, three months before expiration of the provisions of the act.

There remains the basic McCarran-Walter Act which perpetuated and intensified many of the inequities of the recent national quota system. Until that is repealed or extensively amended, America's immigration policy will continue to lose potential friends for us and work against our eventual chances in the cold war. The immigration barriers we have erected and maintained are inconsistent with our spirited defense of the democratic freedoms; they bear little relation to the habitable space or the resources and talents at our command; they violate the basic Christian injunction to harbor the harborless. There are countless reasons for an enlightened immigration policy.

THE DECLINE OF McCARTHY

SENATOR McCarthy's "apology" to the American people for the "unintentional deception" he practiced upon them in promising that "if they would elect the Eisenhower Administration they

NEXT WEEK

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN sends a special report from Rome on the strength and techniques of the Communist Party in Italy. He writes:

"At what age do you have to explain sex to your children and how should you do it? Which is more important in a child, education or heredity? Communist parents in Italy will give you quick and, very often, surprising answers to these questions, quoting again and again an authority probably completely unknown to you, Soviet Professor Anton S. Makarenko, the great pundit of pedagogy throughout the Communist world. Since the war many children have been born in Italy to Communist parents. Practically all the parents are converts to Communism, but the children are 'born Communists,' and they are being educated, almost from the cradle onward, as Communists, with Communist methods."

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could be assured of a vigorous, forceful fight upon Communists in government" seemed as inevitable as things can be in American politics. Inevitable too was the Senator's charge that Mr. Eisenhower "congratulates those who held up the exposure of Communists in one breath and in the next breath urges patience, tolerance and niceties to those who are torturing American uniformed men."

The pattern here is so familiar it has become rather dull. Mr. McCarthy's emotional talk about "the sons of American mothers" (the Senator seems to live in a world where there are no men but only "sons" or "boys"), his charge that the President is "soft" on Communism, his hints of possible treason—we've heard it all before. If the pattern is followed to its conclusion we will soon be informed that Dwight D. Eisenhower is in the highest circle of "a conspiracy so immense and an infamy so black as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man." For, as the Senator asked in speaking of another American General: "How can we account for our present situation unless we believe that men high in this Government are concerting to deliver us to disaster?"

No one, therefore, who has read the newspapers during the past four years should have been surprised when Mr. McCarthy turned his familiar guns on the President. Ask Harry Truman; ask George Marshall, Dean Acheson or Adlai Stevenson; ask John Paton Davies; ask Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., James Wechsler, Bernard De Voto or Archibald MacLeish, ask President Pusey of Harvard, ask any number of other Americans who have been honored with Mr. McCarthy's abuse. You will be shown evidence that no one who incurs the Senator's disfavor is immune from his charge of "softness" towards Communism—or worse.

It was the blindness of those who urged some accommodation between the President and the Senator that they thought Mr. Eisenhower would be immune from this charge. Now they know what should have been obvious to them from the start—that no moderate man can do business with the Wisconsin Senator, that he demands all or nothing as the price of his favor, that he represents an essentially, and incorrigibly, disruptive force that had to be opposed by all moderate men lest it destroy the basis of orderly government and decent debate in our national life.

Mr. McCarthy has thus exiled himself to an angry isolation, cut off from the mainstream of American political life, angrily accusing the leadership of his own party of some dark betrayal. He has done so because there was no place else for him to go. With him he will take probably only the hard core of his followers—perhaps into a super-nationalist third party, perhaps into an embittered minority opposition within the Republican party. It does not really matter too much. What matters is that the Senator has cut himself off from any influential role in American politics and can continue his career, whether in or out of the GOP, only as an increasingly ineffectual voice of suspicious discontent.

We can be grateful for this. The genius of the American political system is its moderation, its refusal to polarize itself into extremist positions on either the right or left. The great danger to our politics comes when any group of extremists threatens to capture, or render impotent, one of the two major parties. McCarthyism represented this danger for the GOP. For as long as the President compromised with it or ignored its ugliness the Republican party was endangered. From the beginning of his political career a major task of Dwight D. Eisenhower has been to refashion the GOP after its years of generally sterile opposition into an instrument of responsible, constructive government. If he were to do this "Joe" had indeed to go. As far as the GOP is concerned, he now seems safely gone.

We may, of course, be prematurely optimistic in writing this. Some great crisis or disaster could radically reverse Senator McCarthy's decline. If, for example, the Chinese Communists should invade Formosa or if, in a moment of madness, they should execute their American prisoners, the President's "moderate" approach would be discredited in the minds of millions of Americans and converts might flock to the McCarthy banner.

But barring such catastrope or folly, it now seems likely that through his continuing excesses Senator McCarthy has accomplished his own destruction as a major force in American politics. He now seems safely placed where he should always have been—in isolation from all moderate and responsible forces in American life. And here we will be happy to leave him—a footnote, at most, to the history our country has to make in the years ahead.

The best week for new subscriptions in some time has brought The Commonweal to within 2,292 subscriptions of the Thirtieth Anniversary goal. Much hinges on the final rush of new Christmas gift subscriptions, which may be entered for notification now and to begin with the first issue of the New Year. A handy coupon appears on the back cover of this issue.

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SPENDING FOR THE FUTURE

FOR many years there has been a popular American myth to the effect that the budget would be balanced if ever a businessman got his hands on it. Well, a businessman did, but next year's budget will not be balanced, just the same.

Orthodox in economic matters as he is, Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey will undoubtedly feel his failure in this regard keenly. But he really should not blame himself too much. Balancing the budget by cutting government spending does not contain as many possibilities as it might seem at first glance.

Out of this year's total budget, the national security program accounts for fully two-thirds of national expenditures, amounting to a whopping $41.9 billion. Of this sum, military expenditures alone amounted to $35.5 billion, with Mutual Aid and atomic stockpiling taking another $3 billion each. Fixed charges like veterans' benefits, interest and the like eat up another $15 billion. All this leaves only eleven per cent of the total budget actually susceptible to pruning by Mr. Humphrey.

Even this limited examination of the cost of national security, however, should help to place in proper perspective the relatively small amounts we are asked to spend on non-military matters in the interest of world peace. A Marshall Plan for Asia, for example, and economic assistance for the underdeveloped Latin American countries would not compare in cost with the billions spent this year on direct military expenditures, but they are essential. Projects such as these represent long-range planning for peace; they are vital for national and world security. It is true that they pose additional problems for Mr. Humphrey; they might postpone a balanced budget a little longer. But they are part of the price of peace.

LABOR'S HOUSE

EARLY in 1955, the AFL and the CIO will renew their negotiations with an eye to an early merger. Although the discussions will undoubtedly be heated on some points, most observers now seem to feel that nothing is very likely to interfere with eventual amalgamation. But certain points recently made by Walter Reuther on this subject are worth serious consideration and discussion.

The CIO is anxious to make sure that its member unions will not be gobbled up, and CIO leaders feel that the autonomy of individual unions must be preserved in the event of a merger. But, Mr. Reuther said, "we in the CIO are unwilling, under the cloak of autonomy, to look the other way and permit corruption to be practiced. A CIO charter is not a license that people hang on the wall so that they can do anything they please."

Mr. Reuther has a good point, we think. In his view, unions must create their own machinery and "deal with the problem of corruption with a stiff, strong broom, or our enemies will try to clean it with an ax in an effort to destroy or weaken the American labor movement." For historical reasons, AFL unions have considerably more autonomy and freedom from top-level interference than CIO unions. In certain circumstances this fact has proved to be an advantage, but the problem of dealing with corruption as it arises is not one of them. The desire of AFL president Meany to take action against a questionable minority who hide behind the AFL label is, in our opinion, beyond question. But on this matter he has not received the cooperation he deserves from some AFL leaders.

Mr. Reuther's position at the bargaining table has been seriously weakened by the often repeated rumors of defection by Mr. McDonald and his Steelworkers. But if he can use his not-too-strong position to insist during these merger negotiations on an effective anti-corruption policy, he will be doing the labor movement and the country a real service.

WORKING FOR PEACE

AT this joyous season it seems most appropriate to call attention to an organization which for over twenty-five years has been working intelligently and determinedly for peace in the world. The Catholic Association for International Peace, from its headquarters at 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 5, D.C., concerns itself directly with the very issues that most threaten the peace of nations year by year. Such issues comprise the focus of its annual conferences. They supply the subjects tackled by its various committees and of the resulting constructive pamphlet studies produced by its committees on Ethics, World Order, Social Welfare, Economic Life, etc. The Association has long been greatly curtailed in its efforts by a lamentable lack of general interest in its activities on behalf of peace with justice. Despite the modest five dollar membership fee, its supporters are today still numbered only in the hundreds. We therefore warmly commend the CAIP to the generous attention of our readers.

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Christmas and Home

BETHLEHEM IS HOME, EVEN IN THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ITS NAME, THE HOUSE OF BREAD

✠ ROBERT J. DWYER

AT Christmas everyone is a little homesick. If this be sentimentalism let the most be made of it. Homesick in the most literal connotation of the word, filled with a strange yearning for that one place in all the world that is really home for us.

It is not an easy thing to define the meaning of home. Certainly it is more than a local habitation and a name; more than a post office address; more, even, than the dwelling place of those we love here below. In its fullest and truest sense it can only be the place where man is at peace with God and with his brethren.

If we were dealing with man in the abstract, we might be tempted to say that home is nothing more than a state of mind, and thus is capable of realization anywhere in the world. There is, doubtless, a measure of validity in this notion, but it is actually truer of angels than of men. The angels are at home simply because they live in the eternal and unchanging presence of God. But man, limited and defined as he is, cries out for a place where he may localize and identify the peace for which he longs, and lacking which he is homeless and a stranger in an alien land. For every normal human being there is one spot in all the world where he feels, somehow, that peace may come to him and dwell in his soul. It is the spot where he has tasted something of its wonder and mystery in his life. Always, to his dying day, he looks upon it as his home.

Our world is suffering from a tragic nostalgia. It has not only lost its home, but it is in danger of forgetting what constitutes the essential elements of home. It thinks a great deal of places, of settlement and resettlement, of slum-clearance and building costs, but very little of that which transforms a rooftree into the soaring arch of a sanctuary of peace. We have been so busy destroying and reconstructing the habitations of men that we have come to dally with the horrible idea that man might just as well be rendered a sort of permanent transient, homeless in his borrowed house.

There are many ways in which this distasteful proposition might be footnoted, from our uneasy resignation to some form of co-existence to the absurdity of an internationalism that would uproot all men as pawns at the disposal of a Wellsian Board of Advisers. The point is that in considering ways in which man might be rehabilitated and reassured we are prone to ignore the fact that peace is not merely a cessation of armed conflict or of embattled truce, nor a method of controlling atomic energy or hydrogen power, but a habit of mind shared by men of good will, men who live at home.

Peace comes when the men who are doing the fighting go back to their homes to stay. Obviously, what is meant is nothing quite so simple as soldiers' stacking their arms and marching off to collect their pensions. The return of the men in the field to their real home is a long and tortuous journey, though it may be reasonably surmised that the odyssey of those who sent them on their mission in the first place is even longer and more painful. They will have to seek peace, searching through the ruins not only of farms and villages and cities, but through the ruins of lives torn from any true context of the value of living. For nearly ten years we have all been searching for this peace, wandering about like men in the mist. Sometimes we have stumbled across what looked like a familiar threshold, only to find the rooms vacant and

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the windows smashed. If it was ever home the curse is on it now.

There are men at work industriously drawing up the blueprints for the new homes of men. The designs, those we have seen at any rate, are streamlined, excessively clever. The only trouble with them is that they are not fit for human habitation. Man is not at home in an economic world, fashioned for that entirely mythical figure, the economic man. He is not at home in a world where a cosmic policeman is forever pacing his beat outside his door. He is not at home in a world where his neighbors are regarded, almost by definition, as objects of suspicion and distrust, fodder for the next investigating committee. Above all, he is not at home in a world where God is ignored by a rule-of-thumb secularism that would build a wall shutting off religion from human affairs.

For the Christian, the way home was marked out long centuries ago for generations of his forebears who had also lost their way. It is the way that invites all men to come home, back to the warm hearth and the dignity of simple things. It is the road that leads to the Cave of Bethlehem. In our universal experience, Bethlehem is home, even in the significance of its name, the House of Bread. Nor is this a mere figure of speech; it is indeed a symbol, but one whose terms correspond to a physical reality. The Cave was the birthplace of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. It was His home. It was the one spot on earth where love of God and love of man were realized absolutely and intimately.

Only to the extent that our own familiar places have borne spiritual resemblance to Bethlehem have they been worthy to be called home. And we cannot now find our way back to our own homes, wherever they may be, without pausing and praying at the Cave to see what it is we are looking for. There, God's plan is unfolded before our eyes in all its gracious beauty. He is a wiser architect than those who would balance crystal balls on steeples for precarious modern living. The world, in the light reflected from the halo of the Babe, is seen not as a dark forest of sinister shapes and threatening shadows, but a place of light where men may dwell together in holiness and peace.

THERE are many, countless millions of them actually, who are groping in the mist to find the road to Bethlehem this Christmastide. There are Christians who have forgotten the meaning of the name they bear. There are modern pagans who have caught vague intimations of their own distress and who blindly stumble along, rarely helped, alas, by those who seem to know the way but prefer to stalk it in meditative solitude. They are of all nations, Americans, British, French, weary of their illusions, heartsick of their materialism and their secularism and their existentialism, seeking something more than the sour husks of the philosophies they have been fed upon.

There are Russians among them, even members of the Party, grimly sobered by the realization that the house they have built at such toil and cost is an empty shell, a charnel-house where the spirit of man is slowly corrupting. There are Germans, remembering their picture-postcard Bavarian villages in the shadow of the baroque churches, wondering why it is that a nightmare swept all that away. And there are the long, hungry hordes of the dispossessed, Koreans, Chinese, Vietnamese, whose utter homelessness under the naked sky is the cruelest mockery of what we mean by home. It is so easy to write this; it is so terrifying to come even to the verge of its realization.

The road home is as long or as short as man himself will make it. It can be traveled in a single Christmas night; it can consume all the tedious years of life. For us who travel through the fog and darkness of our present uncertainties, however, there is at least one glimmer of light for our feet. We have begun to sense, however dimly, that there is no other road that does lead home, not even the royal road of science. It is, we note, this very road of science, arbitrarily separated from the way of the Cross, which has led modern man farthest away from peace and home. It has led us into sadistic orgies of self-destruction. It has supplied us with the implements to annihilate our familiar world. It has left us desperate in the desert of loneliness, for it has introduced us to death. It dawns on us at last that science without love is death.

Our way, then, is somewhat simpler than it might have been in the years when we still cherished our stubborn illusions. But there remains for us to encounter the humility of the Cave, the sacrifice of our pride which is implicit in our admission that we have not been able to build the house of man with our own hands. We have yet to bow our heads to the inscription over the gate, that it is only in the will of God that our peace is found. Then we can enter in.

But the joy of those who come home to Bethlehem is beyond all comparison with the pain and sorrow and humiliation of the journey. It is the joy of the prodigal finding welcome in the outstretched arms of the Infant Savior; it is the joy of the motherless finding infinite tenderness in Mary's eyes; the joy of the wanderers over the face of the earth who find assurance in the strength of Joseph's staff. It is the exultation of those who had lost the music of the spheres and who hear it again in the celestial chorus of the angels singing their Gloria. It is the happiness of those who had forgotten the dignity of simple things, finding it once more in the intimacy of straw and the breath of dumb beasts. It is the peace of the homeless who have found their abiding home in a Cave at the world's end.

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Conversation with Cardinal Lercaro

PHILIP MERRIFIELD

SOME months ago I was granted an interview by Cardinal Giacomo Lercaro at the summer residence of the Archbishops of Bologna, the Villa Revedin, which stands amidst gardens at the summit of a steep, wooded hill just beyond a south gate of the city. The Villa in its present form dates from the time of Napoleon's Cisalpine Republic and achieves some effect of grandeur in spite of striving so hard for it. A precipitous flight of twenty broad stone steps leads up from a gravel drive to its mausoleum-like main door. A long avenue of cypresses leads down by the side of a terraced lawn to imposing iron gates beyond which laps the great world: a small piazza containing an ice-cream kiosk and, now and then, a tram.

It was half-past six in the morning when I crossed this piazza on my way to visit the Cardinal—too early for the kiosk's radio, though men were already off to work on their motor-scooters. The birds made the best of the lack of competition; the sun was still benign. After I had reached the precincts of the Villa, I stayed for a while looking down through the trees at the city below. It lay so clear and still, all of a warm, dusty, red color—its roofs and towers seemingly conjoined, so narrow are its streets. It looked a single, sprawling palace—a palace with far too many sculleries—that generations of ambition had brought to fantastic realization at this southern edge of the rich plain of the Po Valley.

The thoughts caused by hill-top views are apt to be decidedly banal, and many others before me must have considered the beauty of the surroundings somewhat heartless, conspicuously detached as they are from the heat and clamor of the city. But heartless or not, their beauty is certainly of a melancholy kind. It is the beauty of a decaying and irrecoverable past far from this epoch in which it seems possible that persecution and nuclear fission will drive the Church back into the Catacombs—as far removed as are those Cardinal Legates who ruled this northern city of the Papal dominions and who during the opera season would put their box at the Teatro Comunale at the disposition of noble travelers from abroad and regale them with iced fruits to while away the tedium of the intervals. But it is not in its surviving elegance that the significance of Villa Revedin lies.

In a small room within the Villa, the size of a suburban dining room, Cardinal Lercaro celebrates Mass at seven o'clock each morning, facing a congregation of a nun and two or three old ladies with mantillas, who sit on one side of the chapel, and a dozen young men in working clothes on the other. These young men are the Cardinal's guests. When he took up his present appointment two years ago and moved into the great Baroque archiepiscopal palace in Bologna, he walked through the marbled and painted apartments with his mother (who was in her hundredth year) wondering that two people should be expected to inhabit so much cold splendor alone. He then invited twenty-five young men, who were hungry and had nowhere to live, to board and lodge free in this palace.

Some of these young men were from reformatories and were drifting toward prison. Others were students who lived far from Bologna and had been unable to continue their studies at the University because they lacked the money for lodgings. Still others were workmen without a job who had lost their families during the war, or had been born unacknowledged. The students resumed their studies. The workmen and craftsmen were added to the domestic staffs of the Archiepiscopal Palace and the Villa Revedin, or were found employment elsewhere. All these young guests of the Cardinal dine at his table and respond in unison at his Mass. One of them reads the Epistle and Gospel of the day in Italian; and sometimes at the commemorations of the living and the dead one of them will rise from kneeling to speak the name of a person for whom he wishes the prayers of the faithful present.

There is no decoration on the plain washed walls of the chapel except, behind the altar, a strip of red tapestry on which hangs an uncolored picture of Our Lady. Set in the low ceiling above the altar is a wooden canopy. Scullery in the slum, cave or catacomb could equally well house the chapel of the summer residence of the Archbishops of Bologna. So it is that the focus of all that is hopeful in that somber, monumental villa is in a suburban-sized room where the

"Philip Merrifield" is the pseudonym of a British writer now living in Italy.

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Sacrifice of the Mass is offered daily with the active, brotherly participation of a few old ladies and a dozen young workmen.

It is a corporate act of worship, this Mass, and as such still rare in Italy where, as elsewhere in Western Christendom, self-absorbed, individualistic participation in the Mass prevails. "Sometimes when I am in a church I am reminded of the impersonal and lonely atmosphere of a restaurant," Cardinal Lercaro remarked on this point after Mass. He had come to a small anteroom furnished like a convent parlor. Coffee was served and he talked about the Liturgy, drawing his initial themes from some questions I had sent him.

"A restaurant is full of people all intent on one thing, all performing a single general action at a given time, but doing so as individuals, as strangers to one another, each person isolated with his thoughts and his newspaper," the Cardinal said. "Contrast this scene with that of a family meal at home where all the participants have their share in helping to provide or prepare the meal and serve it, where all are aware of their relationship to each other and no one is a stranger. There you have the difference in feeling between the church where Mass is 'attended' by individual worshippers and the church where Mass is 'participated in' as a corporate act of worship uniting priest and people as members of Christ's Mystical Body."

IN Cardinal Lercaro's Archdiocese all but seven of sixty communes are under Communist administration, but he does not hesitate to take the charity and splendor of the Church boldly into the streets and factories. When the Cardinal first began visiting the factories of Bologna, Communist shop-stewards put around the word that he was to be politely ignored. So far, shop-stewards are almost the only people who have obeyed this instruction; the great majority of factory workers welcome him with enthusiasm.

As the son of a Genoese boatswain, Cardinal Lercaro knows the problems of poverty and labor from experience, and he speaks about them in a simple direct way. This wins from his listeners, if not immediate assent (for Christianity is not a self-evident truth to the generations reared on nineteenth century materialism and proletarianism), always interest and a respect that frequently develops into understanding. So it is that at the leading liqueur factory in the area, eighty per cent of the women and fifty per cent of the men received Holy Communion this Easter from the hands of the Cardinal. It is not only Communist shop-stewards who have discovered that Cardinal Lercaro is not a man who can be ignored.

Knowing the Cardinal's interest in the social question, I asked him whether he thought a fuller lay anticipation in the Liturgy was a necessary preliminary to a greater measure of social reform. "The Mass is the constant and visible reminder that we are brothers in Christ," Cardinal Lercaro said. "Without this realization, of course, there can be no true development of social reform."

Most Italian school-children receive only one hour's religious instruction a week, so I asked the Cardinal what was being done to educate the new generations to an understanding of the importance and meaning of the Liturgy. In discussing this point, the Cardinal said that he thought the essential need was *not* for more time for religious instruction in state schools, but for more priests who understood the significance of the Liturgy as the worship of the Mystical Body of Christ and who in consequence were able to make the best use of the time already available. The seminaries were turning out an increasing number of priests with this understanding, he said, and though one hour a week seemed very little, yet it was time enough to implant the seeds of a Christian mentality—provided that these seeds were nurtured outside school hours by the family at home, by the activities of Catholic organizations, and by instruction in church.

IN Cardinal Lercaro's opinion, the place and time for teaching children (and their parents) the significance of the Mass is at church before and during Mass. He said that when he visited the parishes of his Archdiocese he preferred not to celebrate a Pontifical High Mass ("which for most of the congregation is just an occasion when Mass is longer, more complicated and more incomprehensible than usual") but instead to explain the Mass to the children as it was being celebrated by the parish priest. And the Cardinal added that since he did his best to make the explanations simple and brief for the children, the grown-ups were able to understand them too.

"I remember explaining the Mass in this way at the opening of a new church not long ago," the Cardinal said. "After the ceremony the Borough Engineer came to me and said: 'Do you know, that's the first time I've really understood what the Mass means. If only I had known before. At last going to Mass will be something better than just getting through a duty.' "

Cardinal Lercaro thought it an excellent idea for a priest in the pulpit to lead the people in recitation of the responses in the vernacular during Mass, to read the Epistle and Gospel and some of the prayers of the day, and, in a general way, to direct people's thoughts to the living and dead of the communion of saints at the commemorations. Detailed intentions at these points in the Mass could only be pronounced, he thought, in small homogeneous congregations. But it is important, he said, that the priest leading the

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congregation in this way should limit himself strictly to leading and not interfere with distracting homilies, personal interpretations and attempted embellishments of the prayers of the Mass.

"One of the chief impediments to the participation by the laity in the Liturgy is that philosophy of individualism produced by the Renaissance," Cardinal Lercaro said. "The emphasis on personal at the expense of corporate achievement has infected the worship of Catholics so that many regard private prayer as necessarily more meritorious (somehow more pious) than public prayer. They therefore fill in the time of Mass with prayers on their own account or, if they

follow from their missals, each person does so as if performing an individual, isolated act of personal devotion.

"The unit of Christian society is the family. It is as a family that we should participate in Mass, a family with Our Lord as head. *Orate fratres*, the priest says, but he speaks to a crowd of strangers, each one of whom is absorbed in his own position and piety, following *his* Mass rather than *the* Mass—probably sincerely convinced all the while that he has done well if he has succeeded in shutting out all thought of those who worship with him."

In some Italian churches on Sunday, a sermon is preached from the beginning to the very end of the last Mass. At this Mass the priest at the altar becomes the protagonist in a remote, silent ceremonial, mysteriously accompanying in the background the powerful and prolonged eloquence of the pulpiteer in the foreground. The predominance of the preacher is even further emphasized by the fact that the celebrant of Mass is seen—by those of the congregation who notice him at all—to be meekly waiting for the preacher to pause so that the bread and wine may be consecrated in silence. With this interruption over, the preacher resumes his dominant role; period upon period the sermon is built up to its predictable end, a moment or two before the Last Gospel. *In principio erat Verbum*. Then the congregation, replete with language, leaves for lunch.

Thus goes the last Mass on Sunday in many city churches in Italy. It is the custom, people say. "A deplorable custom," Cardinal Lercaro said. "It began as an attempt to prevent the congregation from getting bored—an attempt to sow a seed of doubt in their complacent apathy."

Cardinal Lercaro described the sort of congregation at which the Mass-long sermons are directed—a bored and worldly congregation in general. "They spend a tedious half-hour in church while far away at an altar a man strangely dressed up gestures and mutters his way through some ceremony of which they understand nothing," he said. "Why then do they come? Because they think it a duty to pass a half hour before Sunday dinner in a state of bored, passive, uncomprehending attendance in a church? If that is so, the sensible thing to do would be to find out in the meaning of what is happening at the altar, the compelling reason why they are spending that particular half hour of their lives in church and the influence that event should have on the rest of their time."

Cardinal Lercaro did not think a Mass-long sermon, or indeed a shorter one, was likely to start serious inquiries about the meaning of the Mass—or answer them. To have at least a part of the Mass celebrated audibly in the vernacular would be one of the most direct and effective ways of impressing its meaning on the congregation, he thought.

A year ago at Lugano, during the Third International Conference on Liturgical Study, Cardinal Lercaro, with quotations from the present Pope, urged the adoption of the vernacular in parts of the Mass. But the gratified delegates were over-sanguine if they presumed that his words—or those of the Pope, for that matter—represented the consensus of ecclesiastical opinion in Italy. In spite of the permission given by Pope Leo XIII for the prayers after Mass to be recited in the vernacular, they are in Italy still recited in Latin. So is the Rosary. To have the Epistle and Gospel of Sunday Mass read in Italian continues to be the exception. As a result, when I asked Cardinal Lercaro what support there was in Italy among the hierarchy, clergy and laity for having the celebration of part of the Mass in the vernacular, I received a forlorn answer.

Cardinal Lercaro said he thought Italy would be one of the last nations of Western Christendom to make any extensive use of the vernacular in the Liturgy. At the present time, he pointed out, it is used only for the responses in Baptism. But the Cardinal had great hopes for the younger clergy, and he said there was a growing interest, particularly in Northern Italy, among laymen of the professional classes in the relationship between life and the liturgy of the Mass. From these two sources would come, he thought, the impetus to put into practice, by the greater adoption of the vernacular, that "primary and indispensable condition of Christian life: the participation of the people in the recurring mysteries and praises of the Liturgy."

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Three Christmas Poems

ON OUR LORD'S NATIVITY

AT a long December instant which sunders
Time and sutures men's souls, a cold
Stable's air mingled on itself
The breath of man and woman, the breath of beasts,
And the new, warm breath of God.
Unwilling to let it wholly die—spent
From what is most alive in this, in this,
And in us—the air fashioned God's breath
In Christmas hangings and flung them round the Holy

Family. And rafters strained themselves
To catch the Christmas carol of His cry:
And echoing it, were first to know the joy
Of all rods unsuitable to bear
(As one would) the Holy Wastrel's weight
Or feel the curve of anguished God. Dull
Bed-straw showed its dust and so brightened
The light the Baby brought (and the star stole),
And would not stir to smooth itself and thus
Lessen the seamless softness of the Christmas
garments
The Virgin made. Well that December moment
Passed. But Jesus' breath never wholly
Leaves this stable: should the Ghost withdraw,
The air would fall. The Word the rafters heard,
Before wood was, was spoken. And still tells
How flesh is newly fallen—bettered through
Eternity by feeblest wail of softest
Word; how Christ would carry first the Cross
Which carried Him; and how with Him raise it
To all the altars of the world (our world
Whose wood His holy Word is). The next

Draught will scurry straw and any sun
May bleach it clean, but that Light lights
Suns and in It they are already faded.
Mary makes soft things still, will soften
Us if we will, will clothe us in her seamless
Love and for His presence costume us;
And for hers: for now she has her
Eternity with Him whom she brought
To time. The birth she gave delivered her
From death. Delivered all whose breath catch
His Breath, whose stable house Him, wood sound Him,
Straw bed Him upon this bright Birthday.

JOHN LOGAN.

SONNETS FOR CHRISTMAS

aeternumque
nulla dies nobis maerorem e pectore demet
—Lucretius

CHILDREN, convince me that the weeks we spin
so ordinately under hours of days
shape our adoption. Expectancy has been
a Son to love. Who shall this night appraise
intentions somehow held, augmented here
because we waited four weeks to arise,
being alone, that midnight should appear,
a year of our horizon in disguise.
A touch of hyssop harkens every lip
that spoke of England. Vergil's country was
a place of rivers with which the maps equip
no other exile. Shall the love that does
our lives to death's indisputable gain
here duplicate a hundredfold our pain?

THE poets have taught grammar and have preached,
like Donne, or Spenser to the easy thames
(Childhood could see real flowers to be reached
by leaning to the silver-seeming hems
of Arthur's city) who with glad cries wed
the mind of Alfred to the engendered war
that led his monks like swans to psalm the dead
in English rivers on the chancel floor.
Caesar Augustus, since the pheasants claim
the villas of your Romans, and the world
falls conscious of her universe, your fame—
as close as Troy—shows us Scamander hurled
from all the walls of Europe in our Son
in Whom our loss is canceled and begun.

CAROL JOHNSON.

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THE STAGE

THE LIVING ROOM

GRAHAM Greene's play has closed after twenty-odd performances—a curious failure, compounded of public apathy, critical boorishness, an indifferent production, and perhaps not least of all, its own singular excesses. One might draw from the occasion a pointed commentary on the state of the national temper; that was done in these pages recently. The drama critic, however, faces the further humiliating knowledge of how vastly we must amuse the civilized, intellectual world with these assiduous interments of talent: for the tomb in which Jean Anouilh was lately so ceremoniously laid away must be made fresh again to receive another celebrated reputation. Of blunders, and the making of them, shall there never be an end?

Gilbert Miller's production I do not hesitate to call a blunder, flawed deeply in its very bones and structure by a consistent want of expressive fineness, a thickening of that quick, fluid emotional plasticity which is an essence of dramatic experience. "The Living Room" cannot but suffer from such a blunting, for it is a work of most decisive profile: nothing in it is blurred or unstrung. Yet its power is specifically atmospheric; all of its suggestive energy is concentrated not in Mr. Greene's rather tepid, stripped language, but in an ambiance of spiritual malaise and moral claustrophobia: *there* we hear, however muted, the cry of the absolute.

To substantiate that hovering unease (I am speaking now as technician, not as critic: whether the effect is worthy of achievement is altogether another affair) is the director's task, and here Hugh Hunt quite relinquished authority. An instance: Mr. Greene has tightened the play with a number of melodramatic tensions—Miss Helen Browne's subtle terrorizing of her sister is one of these, the irruption of Mrs. Dennis another. It would seem impossible to dull the scenes, yet Mr. Hunt inexplicably refused to exploit them theatrically, and I do not think the rejection sprang from professional chastity. So lax a controlling hand permitted a characteristic specimen of dramatic muddling through. Nothing was incompetent, yet nothing—with the exception of Miss Nora Nocholson's fragile aunt: excellent, this—evoked positive satisfaction. Hence Michael Goodliffe, as the psychologist, correctly represented the correct sentiments but quite missed the dusty *acedia* of Greene's quintessential male. Miss Ann Shoemaker pitched her role in a key of obvious malignancy, while that accomplished actress, Miss Carol Goodner, was directed by Mr. Hunt into vacillation. At the suffering center—the tangled bondage of Rose Pemberton and Father Browne—the loss was more sharply felt. Monotony corrupted Walter Fitzgerald's performance: conceding that it threatens the text (for Mr. Greene has strung the role with gnomic moral *pensées,* impossible of delivery) yet surely the danger is not elided by obscuring all color, vision, variety and passion with a bleak, monochromatic wash? Miss Barbara Bel Geddes—intense, visibly involved, a suburban victim in a soiled mackintosh—subtly wanted a Catholic sensibility: that is crucial, for without it the whole structure of the play seems factitious. One might note, too, Mr. Greene's uncertainty in creating the role. A highly adulterated blend of romantic idealism and religious anxiety, it lacks a coherent center, and whatever objective authority it may impose will be purely a projection of the performer.

To the play itself—considered apart from its inadequate American setting—I am responsive but unreconciled. "The Living Room" is a work in Mr. Greene's late manner; with an almost mathematic precision it resumes the themes which have preoccupied his maturity. I shall pointedly avoid another disquisition on these; they have been more perceptively examined elsewhere, and the drama critic's proper concern must be with the novelist's manipulation of the resources of the stage. Here we shall freely admit that Mr. Greene writes with dexterity and effectiveness, yet what cannot be disguised in the theater is the defective excess of his talent: the unsparing and rigorous cast of his personal obsessions: the single notes intolerably held, mercilessly exacerbated. In the novel, variety, the play of incident, scene, character mollify these, but here their assault is naked and aggressive.

Beyond this, how account for a puzzling resistance to the play? I have read it twice, seen this performance, yet stubbornly withstood it: why? Might it be, perhaps, that "The Living Room" is ultimately a *strategy* about experience, a tactical fiction externally weighted with an alien and private pain? For its premises, coldly surveyed, are indefensible: the girl's religious consciousness, so decisive a factor, is essentially a *donnée* of the playwright's, it does not visibly exist in the text. Is not, possibly, her melancholy a little in excess of the circumstances? Is Regal Court truly the only alternative to Holland Park? Increasingly, one shares the discomfort so admirably described by Ian Gregor in a discerning commentary in *Blackfriars*: "the impression that here one is watching the form of an argument, strenuously conducted, without the protagonists ever becoming actually engaged." Piety, pity, neurosis, psychology—they are exploited by Mr. Greene for their power to induce a *frisson*, yet it is impossible to feel that against the thrust of his private

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obsession, they are at all honorably or adequately defended.

It would be remiss, however, to deny the play its harrowing intensities of feeling, and therein lies the American tragedy of its reception. For "The Living Room" arrests a moment of time and moral sensibility; with energy, often with power and skill it mirrors one facet of what Katherine Anne Porter has called "this majestic and terrible failure of the life of man in the Western world." Yet last week, with critical and popular consent, it became a statistic, a husk thrown on the season's slag-heap. What a scandalous price in spirit we pay for that one deep rent in our theater: the absence of a permanent repertoire in which these images of man and his society might be fruitfully collected, sustained and cherished for their glancing fragments of truth. (*Closed at the Henry Miller.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

THERE'S NO SCHMALTZ LIKE SHOW SCHMALTZ

HOLLYWOOD has a penchant for making movies about show business. Few of these have the bite or realism of "All About Eve" or "The Country Girl," but the back-and-on-stage stuff, especially when combined with music, often has enough glitter and glamor and girls to be good entertainment. Such a picture is "There's No Business like Show Business," which is well loaded with top-drawer old Irving Berlin songs and some new ones, plus an outstanding cast who know how to put them over. The plot, covering the affairs and careers of the Donahue family from 1919 when mama and papa were in vaudeville until that night during World War II when they appeared with their grown-up children at an Actor's Benefit at the Hippodrome, has its share of corn and sentiment. But Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey are so delightful in their song-and-dance numbers and so warm and parently with their offspring (played at first by little kids and then by Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and Johnnie Ray) that most of the picture takes on a friendly and fun-loving glow.

This glow gets a little tawdry when nice Donald O'Connor falls for an over-ambitious showgirl (Marilyn Monroe), and it gets downright tarnished when the beautiful Miss Monroe does an extremely vulgar interpretation of "Heat Wave." Although Walter Lang directed his talented cast well, he ran into a couple of plot difficulties: there isn't time enough at the abrupt end of this very long film to convince us that Marilyn is a good girl and really in love with Donald; furthermore I was never quite sure of the motivation behind the other son's becoming a priest—did the filmmakers decide that Johnnie Ray's acting was so stilted that this was the best way to dispose of him, or did they throw in the priesthood angle just to supply a gushy scene with Ethel and Dan smiling through tears? Even though you see the puppeteer pulling the strings, "Show Business" is lively entertainment and you'll remember it for its high spots.

GREATER than Hollywood's penchant for making movies about show business is its love for making biographical movies about people in show business. Buried somewhere in "Deep in My Heart" are a few facts from the life of Sigmund Romberg, but all that comes through in spite of the valiant efforts of José Ferrer, Merle Oberon, Helen Traubel and many, many more actors and singers and dancers, is a series of musical numbers from Romberg's shows interspersed with scenes that are more papier-mâché than any Romberg himself could have thought up.

It hardly seems possible that Stanley Donen, who directed the light and pleasant "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" earlier this year, could have directed "Deep in My Heart" with so little imagination. I am sure, however, that those audiences who have been thrilled by Romberg's operettas (Ferrer admits just before he plays "When I Grow Too Old To Dream" that he's a middle-brow) will be equally thrilled by this even-less-than-middle-brow movie.

EVERY now and then, Hollywood, who knows show business as well as the next guy, surprises us by turning out a movie that is much better than anyone has a right to expect. "The Sign of the Pagan" is such a film. Using, for the first time in movies, the fifth-century warrior, Attila, this handsomely-made picture juggles history a little, but still manages to tell an interesting and convincing story of the fierce Hun who threatened the Roman Empire. Much credit should go to Producer Albert J. Cohen, Director Douglas Sirk and Scriptwriter Barre Lyndon for holding this film down to a minimum of hoop-la and for giving us some beautifully-staged scenes of the courts at Constantinople and Rome of this period and for some wide-sweeping battle scenes that are shown off to good advantage in Technicolor and CinemaScope.

"The Sign of the Pagan" is a fortunate blending of story and spectacle. Jack Palance is excellent as Attila, the brutal, superstitious, crafty leader of the Huns. His most formidable enemy, according to this version of history, is Marcian (effectively played by Jeff Chandler) who sees through Attila's plans and finally succeeds in battling the Huns on his own terms. Also

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opposites in type are the two leading women: Ludmilla Tcherina as Princess Pulcheria who later marries Marcian and makes him Roman Emperor, and Rita Gam as Attila's daughter, a wild creature who falls in love with Marcian and is won to Christianity. Since this film covers a period that movies have strangely avoided, much exposition is required and this slows down the pace from time to time, but Director Sirk wisely speeds things up again. He does not, however, sacrifice characterization for pace or pageantry, and he succeeds in making the vicious Hun warlord a living and understandable person.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

CATHOLICS AND COEXISTENCE

WRITING in a recent issue of *The Catholic Messenger,* newspaper of the diocese of Davenport, Iowa (Cosgrove Building, Davenport), Donald McDonald commented on Catholic discussion of the "coexistence" question. His remarks were reprinted as a special feature in the diocesan newspapers of Indianapolis and St. Louis, *The Indiana Catholic and Record* and *The St. Louis Register,* and are here reprinted again.

> Certain areas of the Catholic press in this country have broken out recently in a rather violent rash in their hostility to the idea of "coexistence" between the Western world and the Communist world. One Catholic columnist has even suggested—no, declared—that "peaceful coexistence is a Communist formula for U. S. surrender."
>
> We are quite well aware that the Communists, for their own purposes, have parroted the coexistence line in the *Daily Worker* and in their monthly *Political Affairs.* But, as we have perhaps mentioned here before, we think it exceedingly unwise to formulate one's own opinions and views by what one reads or hears from the Communists' camp. Communists are liars who cannot be depended upon at any one time to be telling the truth. For them the lie is an essential part of their tactics and strategy. We think the safest course for thoughtful citizens in the free world is to look at all of reality with a clear eye and, after weighing relevant factors, adopt a position which seems most likely to promote and defend the free world.
>
> Several things have never been adequately cleared up in this matter of coexistence, despite the many thousands of words that are being poured out on the subject by commentators, columnists, and editorialists whose anti-Communist emotions are not matched by any sane anti-Communist measures.
>
> The first vague item is the blurring of the definition of coexistence. Some eager rhetoricians are today suggesting that coexistence is equivalent to cooperation. A brief look at the words themselves will indicate the enormous difference between existing alongside someone and cooperating with him.
>
> Another item of vagueness: What is the alternative to coexistence? We have not yet seen any constructive suggestions on this point. It seems to us that the only ultimate alternative to coexistence is co-extermination or co-destruction.
>
> A dismaying note in the anti-coexistence chorus is the thinly-veiled suggestion that proponents of coexistence must be either ignorant of Communist designs or crafty collaborators in those designs.
>
> But the insinuation can hardly square with the statements made in recent days by such men as Dr. Adenauer of West Germany (who said in New York that West Germany would have to reach an "accord" with Soviet Russia after Western Europe had achieved military strength); or Lester Pearson of Canada who said that peaceful coexistence was a necessity; or Carlos Romulo of the Philippines who wrote last week that China cannot be forcibly reclaimed from the Communists without a third world war; or Arnold Toynbee, the British historian, who considers the outlook for peaceful coexistence "pretty good;" or our own John Foster Dulles and President Eisenhower who have, respectively, ruled out "preventive war" with Russia and adopted a conciliatory attitude toward Russia.
>
> Coexistence with Communism is a repugnant situation, but a total, thermonuclear war to overthrow Communism all over the world is insane.
>
> Coexistence might lull some people in the West into careless military housekeeping. This danger can be effectively reduced by the constant publication in this country of facts and figures to show what the Communists are doing militarily and politically to threaten the free world. It is more important for American citizens to know what Russia is doing than what the torturous Red party line happens to be from week to week in the *Daily Worker.*
>
> Coexistence might permit the Communists to consolidate and digest their gains in recent years. But it might also cause the disillusionment of the Communists' victims to spread and ferment and make life for the Communist rulers more intolerable and more precarious.
>
> We do not see any easy answer to the problem

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of how to achieve peace and stability in a world which is half-Communist and half-free. But we do believe that the answer does not lie in the direction of an atomic slaughter of the very people whom we profess to liberate, the victims of the Communist tyranny, inviting at the same time reprisal slaughter of our own people.

We think one of the most constructive approaches to this thorny problem would involve giving, where needed, all necessary technical, military, and economic aid to the democratic islands in the Communist world. We agree, that is, with a man like Chester Bowles, our former Ambassador to India, who has said that it is more important to the cause of freedom that India should survive as a thorough-going democracy in the Far East than that she make all the noisy, belligerent anti-Communist sounds that some of our citizens seem to think are required as a deterrent to Communism.

We think that the Chinese Communists are more afraid of a democratic India "making a go of it" than they are of blustery threats which dissolve when they are challenged, as we painfully remember U.S. threats dissolved this year in Indochina.

In the long run—and we must think of the problem in the long run, rather than in terms of quick obliteration of all life on the planet—the establishment, solidification, and spread of democratic governments in the non-Communist world holds, we believe, the best promise for eventual triumph over Communist despotism and tyranny.

Our atomic stockpile is, at most, only a deterrent to Soviet armed aggression. But the increasing stability and the expanding influence of free government, with a corresponding improvement of both economic and spiritual standards . . . ah! there is the Achilles heel of a Communism which cannot bear comparisons between its own victims and free citizens.

We saw what happened when the North Korean prisoners of war were exposed to non-Communism. They defected by the thousands to the anti-Communist side. Even the "neutralist" Indians were impressed by that plebiscite.

We began these remarks with an observation of how some sections of the Catholic press are approaching the coexistence problem. We end with a hope: That more Catholic editors and columnists will soon recognize that angry denunciations of Communism are no substitute for cool and rational thought which is directed to discovering the best means of eliminating Communism.

We hope, also, that we shall soon see the end to the practice of maligning and attacking as "Communists" or "dupes of Communists" those who do not share one's views of effective anti-Communism.

When this comes to pass perhaps we shall then see American Catholics enjoying a constructive influence and an attentive hearing in the political affairs of the nation.

BOOKS

Frontiers of Psychiatry and Religion

VICTOR WHITE

KARL Stern's memorable autobiography, *The Pillar of Fire,* drew admiring epithets unusual even in rave-reviews: epithets which not all authors might consider complimentary. Reinhold Niebuhr wrote of his "simple wisdom and innocence"; Clare Boothe Luce of his "pure heart." There is a quality in Dr. Stern's writing which elicits essentially Christian and moral, as well as literary and scientific, standards of appraisal. Not that he fails to measure up to these also: reviewers remarked also on his keen intelligence, his wide and deep learning, and on what Gregory Zilboorg called his "directness and dignity."

We find the same rare blend of the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove in his new book on the hackneyed topic of psychiatry and religion [*The Third Revolution*; Harcourt, Brace; $4.]. But hackneyed though the subject may be, Dr. Stern impresses us with its urgency: he will not allow us to dismiss it as a passing fad or fashion. On the outcome of the dialogue between psychiatry and religion depends, he suggests, the future of our culture and of civilized mankind. And lest we suppose that he is

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just another salesman who overestimates his own professional wares, or even his own religious convictions, his opening pages tell the story of a "cure" wrought neither by a psychiatrist nor a clergymen, but by an elderly foreign consul who was blissfully unaware of the psychoanalytic explanation of his own healing act of understanding kindness.

Those of us who are already engaged on the frontiers of religion and psychiatry have awaited Dr. Stern's book with eagerness. We had hoped perhaps that he would have taken the existence of these frontiers for granted, that he would have carried the work a stage further, that he would guide us about the details of the problems of adjustment and tension which confront us daily in those borderlands. We had exaggerated our own importance, and underestimated the breadth of Dr. Stern's charity and the depth of his humility. We tend to forget the more pressing needs of the multitudes in the heartlands far behind both sides of the frontier: the dangerous ignorance, prejudice and fear entertained by dwellers on both sides about dwellers on the other. Quite clearly, and quite rightly, Dr. Stern has had this far wider public in mind in writing this book.

But it is not, by any means, a work of "vulgarization"; not for one moment does the author allow us to feel that he is writing down to his readers. He has much to say for *empathy*—for feeling into the other fellow's situation—and he practices it too on every page. Again one is compelled to invoke categories that burst the bounds of conventional reviewing: the book is written not only with understanding but also with love for its readers. It is a genuine love with no hint of sentimentality or unprincipled compromise; a love which is keenly alive to the need for plain speaking about the perils inherent in error, and still more in those limited truths which masquerade as "nothing but" the whole truth.

Yet there is comparatively little in this book that those acquainted with the literature of the subject will find startlingly new. The case—essentially the same case—against the omnicompetence of the mechanistic view of Man (whether it appears as behaviorism, cybernetics, or in some earlier form) has often been stated before. But certainly it has not often been presented in a form which the unconverted would understand: with such downright simplicity and disregard for nonessentials. Neither is there anything novel in Dr. Stern's case against "social engineering"; though the serious alarm with which he regards it, putting it on a par with Nazism and Communism as a third—and still more insidious—revolution, is certainly new to this reviewer. I could, I must confess, hardly restrain a yawn when I learned that in the fifth chapter we were to be told yet again the oft-told saga of the birth and infancy of psychoanalysis; but I soon relearned how much the freshness of an old story depends on the freshness of the story-teller. In this chapter too I found the stale textbook stuff about the Freudian oral, anal and genital phases. But while the textbooks hardly made it plausible, Dr. Stern's examples and analogies make it almost convincing. It is perhaps unfair to reproach him for ignoring, in such a book as this, Jung's criticism of the whole procedure of attributing "sexuality" to these infantile performances; but we are not clear how Dr. Stern reconciles this reading back of an adult experience into childhood with his own seeming approval of purely phenomenological description, nor with his own just criticism of the fallacy of identifying embryos with fully developed organisms.

DR. Stern's presentation of psychoanalysis is, then, "historical in the widest sense of the word"; but unlike the account we find in standard histories of psychology, he considers psychoanalysis not in isolation, nor yet in the context of medical history only, but in its wider setting in the philosophical and cultural background of its period. "Only," he writes, "if we look at psychoanalysis emerging, as it were, out of the background of the nineteenth century are we properly capable of understanding its historical meaning." In this respect, his book pursues a similar aim to that of Igor Caruso's important *Psychoanalyse und Synthese der Existenz*; and in many respects the conclusions and reappraisals of the two books strikingly coincide. The differences between the two books reflect the differences between the European and the North American surroundings in which they are written. While Caruso reviews and re-evaluates not only Freudian psychoanalysis and its numerous legitimate and illegitimate offspring, but also the sharp post-war reaction to the whole movement among "existential analysts," "logotherapists" and the like, Dr. Stern of set purpose lays emphasis on "classical" psychoanalysis, and strays neither far nor long from this terrain. Some European readers may have the impression that he spends too much time and energy in flogging dead horses; but he brings ample evidence that he knows his own public, and it is to be feared that in Europe also the horses are not so dead as some of us in our seclusion might like to believe.

Dr. Stern does not mince words about the hideous abuses to which psychoanalysis may be prostituted by hucksters, technocrats and tyrants; and it is precisely because of the dangers to humanity of such abuse that he believes the dialogue between religion and psychiatry to be so necessary. Like William Brown, Roland Dalbiez and B. G. Saunders, he argues that the Freudian therapeutic technique can be disengaged from the "materialistic" ideology in which, historically and

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in Freud's own mind, it was originally embedded. Those of us who remain somewhat skeptical of this, or who believe that subsequent developments in depth-psychology make the effort at disengagement pointless anyway, may at least hope that he is right. For Freud himself, however, the ideology was not, as it is for Dr. Stern, a "superstructure" which can be discarded without ruining the whole edifice: on the contrary, it was its very foundation, its first beginning and its last end.

Any doubt there could have been about that should be dissipated now by Ernest Jones' biography of Freud, even while it confirms all that Dr. Stern says of his brave and endearing personality and of his moral nobility. Indeed it begins to look as if, in Freud's mind and intention, psychoanalysis itself was only an interim measure until neurological and physical methods of treatment would be perfected. On the other hand, it might be suggested that there was more validity to Freud's determined determinism than Dr. Stern seems to recognize: there are misconceptions of human freedom which no informed Catholic philosopher would defend, which are indeed neurotic illusions, and empirically demonstrable to be such. They were echoed in much nineteenth century philosophy, and on their resolution must depend many an analytic "cure." This point alone illustrates the extreme difficulty of separating the edifice from the "superstructure," the therapy from the philosophy.

We must admire, rather than assent to, Dr. Stern's vindication of the Freudian claim to "philosophical neutrality" in actual analytic practice. (Caruso should be read especially for an experienced and searching presentation of the opposite view.) In support of this, Dr. Stern appeals to his own experience of "the reality of a living relationship between patient and physician." We cannot doubt his testimony that, in the analytical situation, *he* remains philosophically neutral, and can even restrict the transference to the "family" level. But is this not precisely because he is *not* neutral, but personally committed to a definite philosophy, and to religious beliefs and practices, and so safeguarded —as the "neutral" analyst is not—against the intrusion of unconscious beliefs and archetypes (of the Savior, the Wise Man, the Infallible Spiritual Guide, etc.) into the transference and counter-transference? Since Dr. Stern is expressly emphasizing "classical" psychoanalysis, we should not perhaps complain that his account of the transference is solely in terms of parental images, to the complete neglect of these archetypal factors. Yet it is just in the analysis of these—when the analyst himself is aware of them—that in therapeutic practice the question of "religion and psychiatry" often emerges in its most acute and imperative form. Dr. Stern himself reminds us that Jung's "collective unconscious" is not just an additional floor to the Freudian structure. In fact, it revolutionizes the whole procedure.

But Dr. Stern has still much more to say in favor of aspects of classical psychoanalysis which, he maintains, "lift it out of the currents of our century, the century of dialectic materialism and of logical positivism, right into the mainstream of the Hebrew-Christian and Hellenic tradition: the eminent role of the function of empathy; the trend to re-establish a psychophysical unity in the concept of the human person . . . the 'reality of the allegorical.' " His explanation of this last is particularly illuminating. But especially in Freud's ontogenetic theory, with its implicit "entelechism," does Dr. Stern see him on the side, if not of God and the angels, then at least of an integral humanism, and as a forerunner of a needed third counter-revolution.

BUT no writer less limpid than is Dr. Stern himself should attempt to condense his argument, or to summarize the many other admirable things in this book. Already I feel that I have given the false impression that it is a difficult, even a specialist's, book. This is just what it is not. Only in the chapter on Development and Identification does it seem to me that simplicity spills over into over-simplification: the "normal" resolution of the OEdipus complex is surely not reducible to such slick formulas as we find here, and we must question the suggestion that identification with either parent can ever be permanent or salutary. This chapter also seems too little appreciative of the real value of typology in psychotherapy; its purpose is not to label persons as types, but to give us a steady set of compasses to help us find our way about in the boundless sea of the human psyche.

There are other pages where I have inserted query-marks in my copy of the book; but they are not of major importance. Jung does not of course maintain the improbability that "we have inherited" archetypal *images* "for the human race"; but that the observed fact of the similarities of such images implies a common disposition to produce them which, in physiological terms, may be attributed to our inheritance of similar brain-structure. If, on occasion, Dr. Stern seems to harmonize religion and psychiatry just a little too easily, there are times when he remarks discords inaudible to my ear. Need we *oppose* Isidor Cheim's description of bad actions as those which "have consequences which interfere with the attainment of certain ends" to "the word of God as revealed in its simplicity in the Ten Commandments"? It is, after all, the traditional Catholic view, voiced by Aquinas, that the *content* of the Commandments is of purely natural law, that God commands and forbids nothing except for our own good, and that sin is precisely a deflection from "certain ends." Doubtless this is not what Cheim had

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in mind, but at least he offers a common ground of principle, not "synthetic chemicals" as against "food."

Dr. Stern seldom puts his piety in the place of reasoned and eirenic argument; but does he employ the word "supernatural" without explanation just a little too often? Even Catholic readers may think so; and we fear that his agnostic ones will not understand it all, or, still more lamentably, will misunderstand it as something spookey and paranormal. And it is a pity that, in a work which reaches its climax in the conformities of Nature and Grace, he should have chosen the Knox version of Galatians 6, 8: one of the few really distressing renderings in that usually valuable and reliable translation. For, whatever Saint Paul meant by "flesh" as opposed to Spirit, it certainly was not "nature."

But I am becoming censorious about trifles in a book which I wish unhesitatingly to recommend. I should like particularly to commend its insistence that psychotherapy does not or should not eliminate suffering and tragedy. Also, his lamentations that some Catholics, while highly suspicious of depth-psychology, have fallen uncritically just for those soulless statistical and mechanistic techniques in psychology which are most inimical to humane—to say nothing of Christian—valuations of human personality.

The book should be widely read. And I hope for another—dare I say, a more advanced?—book from Dr. Stern. He alludes only in passing to those revolutionary changes in human outlook where we find so often that the established religious and the psychological outlooks come into collision. He recalls Berdyaev's contrast between Dante's and Dostoievsky's views of the universe: in the one, "heaven, hell and purgatory were something like neat topographical entities"; in the other "each individual life is . . . mysteriously penetrated by all three worlds." Here, perhaps, we have an illustration of the crux of the recurrent issue which confronts the dialogue between "psychiatry" (and many a modern man) and "religion" today. It is an issue which requires much hard work and reflection both from the theologian and from the psychologist. I believe that Dr. Stern could make a very important contribution to understanding and resolving it.

An Environment in which Protest Literature Was Born

THE CHICAGO RENAISSANCE IN AMERICAN LETTERS. By Bernard Duffey. Michigan State College. $6.50.

By JOSEPH M. DUFFY, JR.

CHICAGO has long had mythic significance among American cities as a symbol of undiscriminating power—an aspect of America itself. The city is as hard and brutal as a machine and as extravagant and unsophisticated as a frontier boast, a tall story. The hubristic thrust of the skyscrapers on the Lake, the countless miserable acres of ugliness behind, the vitality of La Salle Street in the daytime, the excitement at Union Station before the departure of a great train, the absence of an enlightened newspaper and the presence of "the world's greatest newspaper"—all contribute to the image of Chicago's special primitive power.

But it is senseless power, lunging over space, wastefully contemptuous of leisure, heedless of beauty; not the power of intelligence and taste capable of fitting out a palazzo, decorating an altar, or composing an elegantly sceptical philosophical tract. Whatever our judgment of Chicago may be, it is not a city with which we would associate the term, "renaissance." Hence Mr. Duffey's book comes as a kind of shock.

This expensive little volume has at any rate an audacious title. The rebirth of what? The question occurs immediately to the literal-minded reader as he takes up the book. That question remains unanswered after he has finished. There can be no renaissance without a tradition and there was certainly no tradition for Mr. Duffey's writers to reorganize. Mr. Duffey does not succeed in convincing us that Chicago needs to be taken more seriously than it has been as a dynamic force in American literature. Indeed, Mr. Duffey merely confirms this reviewer's conviction that too much has already been said of Chicago's influence. Of course there was the realist activity early in the century and *Poetry* magazine under Harriet Monroe. But what else was there after all? The "what else" is supplied by a reading of Mr. Duffey's work and the quality of the material he deals with, the intrinsic lack of interest of much of it, accounts for the conviction mentioned above. *The Chicago Renaissance in American Letters* is for the most part a chronicle of the activities of minor writers, second-rate magazines, and shopworn literary movements.

Van Wyck Brooks solved the problem of writing literary history about undistinguished New England generations by dispensing with criticism and relying on a lyric evocation of the past. Chicago hardly recommends itself to the lyricist, but one wishes Mr. Duffey had chosen to bring in more of the hum and buzz of Chicago life at the end of the old century and the first two decades of the new. As it is, the reader constantly has the sense of watching the minor characters in a drama and of catching from afar the sounds the great

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ones were making—the off-stage thunder of Chicago's primordial power.

At least, except on those occasions when he is compelled to justify the proposition implied in his title, Mr. Duffey is no enthusiast. Generally he criticizes fairly, makes no immense claims for most of the writers he discusses—though he over-estimates Edgar Lee Masters and Sherwood Anderson—and seems in fact willing to send most of them back to the limbo whence he has temporarily rescued them.

The author, who teaches English at Michigan State College, covers the period, 1890-1920, and divides his volume into two large sections, "Protest and Search" and "The Liberation." In the first section his discussion ranges from an account of such newspaper men of the nineties as George Ade, Eugene Field, and Finley Dunne (the creator of Mr. Dooley) to separate chapters on Henry Fuller, Hamlin Garland, and Robert Herrick. In "The Liberation," Mr. Duffey considers the work of, among other writers, Masters, Anderson, Carl Sandburg, and Vachel Lindsay.

The central issue in both sections involves the difficulties encountered by the Chicago writers in coming to grips with an environment indifferent or hostile to cultural values. Some of the early newspaper men were captured by their mass audiences; other writers acquiesced to a genteel tradition borrowed from the East; and still others made an ineffectual and tormented compromise with life in Chicago. Later writers—Mr. Duffey cites 1910-1915 as the critical years of change—reacted altogether against the Chicago environment and practiced their "liberated" views on life and art in such bohemias as the squalid (and still existent) artists' colony on 57th Street. The pattern was one, therefore, of developing estrangement between the Chicago writer and the ordinary world in which he lived—an American problem. Chicago's barrenness provided a negative stimulation for the writer: it gave him the material for a literature of protest. But his ideas, if he had any, came from within an artistic coterie and ultimately from the East and Europe.

In summing up Chicago's contribution to American literature Mr. Duffey asserts "that the group reality of twentieth-century American literature began in Chicago because in Chicago a chief strain which has formed our modern writing was first recognized. The first stage of Chicago's renaissance joined hands with the second to define a literary culture deliberately hostile to and liberated from the dominant forces of a modern business America." But the rejection of a capitalist bourgeois society was made by classic American writers—Thoreau, Melville, Twain, and James, for example—and was simply affirmed by the twentieth-century group.

Huck Finn is a better observer and critic of society than any of the writers Mr. Duffey discusses—and he was less narrowly situated and more in love with America, too. As for the importance of the Chicago "liberation," anyone who has read Shaw, as far back as the nineties, or, early in the century, H. G. Well's fulminations against middle-class moral conventions, would find the "liberation" of the Chicago writers a late and derivative affair.

From the Heart of Africa

THE DARK CHILD. By Camara Laye. Noonday Press. $2.75.

By T. E. CASSIDY

CAMARA Laye is a young man from French Guinea, who was sent off to Paris to study. This book is a warm autobiography of his childhood years and his young manhood years, before he left his native land. It is a day-by-day story of ordinary life in his homeland, but the life might strike Western readers as being a bit on the exciting side. The customs, habits, superstitions and beliefs of these Africans are told in a thoroughly captivating way, and it is a matter of no surprise or no patronizing that the reader goes right along enjoying and loving this way of life as it is recorded, and especially the people whose capacity for love and kindness and generosity is a tender thing in our hostile world.

And these people possess an enormous, impressive dignity that makes the boy himself aware of the honor and glory of being a part of them. He, too, is fiercely proud of them, and when he leaves, first for Canakry for high school, and finally, breaking his mother's heart, for France, he is torn by emotions that almost crush him. All for his family, of course, but in the people themselves he saw the quality of love, as when: " . . . if I happened to stop work for a moment and look at that long, long line of reapers, I was always impressed and carried away by the infinite love and kindliness of their eyes, as they glanced here and there."

In a style that is simple, deceptively so, Laye goes through his life in the concession, and the story that finally comes to the reader is one of strength and power. The overall picture is generally one of happiness, of calm. But there are times of sorrow, of pain, of violence. There are times of wild excitement, of ringing ritual, and weird witchery. In the very beginning, when Camara was a little boy, he was confronted by a snake and played with it. Later he discovers another snake, a black one, and learns he must never hurt it, for the snake is his father's guiding spirit and the guiding spirit of the race. This is all very serious, and you do not smile at such a thing. Nor do you smile, but rather are impressed, by the power of the boy's mother to make a balky horse rise and follow his master: "She went up to the horse and, lifting her own hand, declaimed in a solemn tone: 'If it is true that from the day of my birth I had knowledge of no man until the day of my marriage: and if it is true that from the day of my marriage I have had knowledge of no man other than my lawful

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husband—if these things be true, then I command you, horse, rise up!'" His mother had a gift of magic, but whatever her power, it was not allowed her to do any evil on her own account.

The most moving stories in the book are those dealing with the tribal initiation, when the boys are accepted into the tribe on a basis of manhood, and those telling of the overpowering ritual of circumcision, which was a dangerous ordeal and a complex ceremony, including, among other rites, a sort of retreat. But, perhaps strangely, there is not much suggestion of the primitive in all this. Rather, the animism is a complex of religious beliefs, attitudes, and practices. And the whole thing is profoundly felt and seen and heard.

But it is mostly a book of love, about a sort of universal quality to be found, not just in a noble savage or a cultured black, but in mankind unhampered by artificial barriers to the expression of the thing he feels deeply and honestly within himself, stemming from a God-given grace: the ability to love. Though there is emphasis mainly on a familiar love, tribal love and friendly love, the simple act of loving, on all levels, is freshly and tenderly drawn in this remarkable book.

The Roots of Christian Culture

THE WESTERN FATHERS: The Lives of SS. Martin of Tours, Ambrose, Augustine of Hippo, Honoratus of Arles, and Germanus of Auxerre. Translated and edited by F. R. Hoare. Sheed & Ward. $4.

THE ANGLO-SAXON MISSIONARIES IN GERMANY: The Lives of SS. Willibrod, Boniface, Sturm, Leoba and Lebuin, together with the Hodoeporicon of St. Willibald and a selection from the Correspondence of St. Boniface. Translated and edited by C. H. Talbot. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

By M. A. FITZSIMONS

THESE volumes are the first numbers of a series, "The Makers of Christendom," under the general editorship of Christopher Dawson. A valuable editorial brochure, enclosed in them, presents the purpose of this new project. The aim is to make accessible the lives of the saints and representative figures who were responsible for the Christianization of Europe, Asia and the New World. In these lives may be seen "the spiritual patterns of Christian culture," "the archetypes of Christian experience through which successive generations have learnt the following of Christ according to the form of their own age and culture." To that end this series will print a selection of the original documents, lives by near-contemporaries and letters.

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provide a modern *summa* of man's religious, aesthetic and social experience. Why the original documents? First of all, because the study of man's past has been carried out mainly by historians of secular outlook, who have often ignored religion or have been incapable of the sympathy required for understanding. But the case is worse than that. Standing in the way of understanding are libraries of conventional pietism, works of edification without scientific or literary value and of as doubtful religious worth as the oleos and plaster Baroque of the early decades of our century, "a curtain of pious platitudes which muffle and deaden the living voice of the Christian past."

A *summa* cannot simply be willed into existence. At best, it may come as the crowning and momentary fulfillment of vast scholarly and intellectual labors welling out of the life of faith. Christopher Dawson's admirable achievement has been a pioneering one and the present series is an introduction to but one of many fields of work that must be done. The *summa* will be a valuable heritage to later generations, but the passing of years, the emergence of new problems and, in all likelihood, new clarities and new certainties, demonstrable or unexamined, will soon reveal the inadequacies of even the supreme work of integration of any age.

Arnold Toynbee represents in an extreme and dangerous form the fear of exclusivism about truth and of being provincial in time and culture. But there is no Christian culture apart from the imitation of Christ. This imitation may be and has been done in the milieu of Malabar, Goa, Indochina, the Tyrol, Uganda, Cape Town, Havana, Melbourne, Peking, Lvov and Montreal. The task of restoring all things in Christ is the challenge to each Christian on this earth and the challenge will cease only with the end of time. No crusade can finally answer it even for ourselves—and there is always more than one more river to cross.

These volumes provide inspiring rather than "edifying" evidence of Christian culture. The saints of the decaying Roman Empire and of the barbarian period, the makers of Europe and Christendom, are models but Christ is their model. They were missionaries, as we too must be. Their strength derives from Christ and His Church; they were pilgrims, whose Christian zeal and charity helped to create out of barbarous, warrior and ignorant human material a Christian City of Man with its members on hazardous pilgrimage.

It is instructive to note the peculiar features of these ages, the postponement of Baptism, the struggles for Church order and independence, the stupefying concern with wonders and marvels. Indeed, while the saints stand out with a striking charity, the writers of the lives too often make Christianity a success religion. Where Saint Martin's charity is warm and straight, his biographer, Sulpicius Severus, has Divine Providence maintaining a sustained and bloody vendetta against all who cross him. What a trail of death follows him. This crude arrogance about Providence, which is also a dominant note in the contemporary chronicles, is a form of the edifying tradition for a violent age.

The critical introductions and the notes are informative and useful. These two books mark a welcome beginning for a series that deserves wide distribution. Happily, the publisher in setting a moderate price has done his part.

Multiple Facets of the Catholic Mind

BORN CATHOLICS. Assembled by F. J. Sheed. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

By FRANCIS SWEENEY

BY WAY of contrast to the dozens of "convert books" which have been a staple of Catholic publishing for close on a century, Frank Sheed has collected the memoirs of a score of Catholics who do not recall their baptism. It cannot be denied that the *anagnorisis* of conversion makes for more dramatic reading. But whatever *rus in Urbe* charm *Born Catholics* lacks is more than balanced by the good things spread out here. Not one of the essays is dull or a pose. There is blood on the pages, and tears, and sometimes the sweat that comes off on the hands when one reads the Terrible Sonnets of Manley Hopkins.

Only a few of the "witnesses" are prominent public figures. Belloc, of course, whose contribution to *Why I Am and Why I Am Not a Catholic* is reprinted. But as one reads, Belloc and Chesterton seem dated and boyish; after twenty years the case is altered and the battle moved to another field.

Sir Hugh Stott Taylor of Princeton defends the view (which he eloquently discussed in The Commonweal some years ago) that Catholic students ought to attend secular universities. He calls the roll of Catholic writers who are university men: "What have they not done to save these secular institutions and to restore the ancient faith in England?" It is a question which is certainly not answered just by being asked. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn pictures a Middle-European Catholicism too closely engaged to monarchy, and inveighs against the "unkind priest." Riley Hughes, in a melancholy apologia, describes a New England in which Catholics are socially and politically segregated, Catholic ideas "exotic." Several employees of Sheed & Ward contribute essays which are far from the worst in the lot. Jean Charlot's is among the most entertaining, though perhaps painful to historians; Maisie Ward's is one of the most human and thoughtful.

In a word, the book is entertaining, perplexing, continually revealing in its unfolding of the modern Catholic mind. If it seems to present a Catholicism not challenging but successfully enduring challenge, at least it disposes of the myth of the Catholic swathed with the warm flannel of dogma, as comfortable as Junior in his bunny pajamas.

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No Way Out

THE FLINT ANCHOR. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking. $3.75.

By DACHINE RAINER

MISS Warner's first novel, *Lolly Willowes,* was the first Book-of-the-Month Club selection in America in 1926; it is certainly one of the finest pieces of fiction written during the first half of the twentieth century. *The Flint Anchor,* her seventh novel, possesses the qualities that made the earlier work so delightful, pungent and enduring.

Miss Warner is, above all else (and there is much else), anti-babbitt. Her portrayal of Lolly, the spinster aunt who rebelled against the comfortable upper middle-class life in England in the first decades of the nineteenth century, and ran away to an obscure village to become a witch, is transposed in *The Flint Anchor* to another nonconformist, Thomas Kettle. He is a minor character who dominates the novel not by virtue of his presence (for he enters the book relatively late, and soon goes off to die) but because he is brilliantly juxtaposed to that commodious, cluttered, self-righteous early nineteenth century English middle-class life that would soon bloom into the staid garden of Victorianism.

Like Lolly, in the earlier book, Thomas Kettle is intransigent, but unlike Lolly, who affects a successful rebellion, he finds no way out of conforming to the solid virtues and the quayside business his father-in-law expects him to take over, save that of ill health, riotous living, and presently, death. When he is wrongly accused of sodomy, he is too alienated from and contemptuous of his accuser—his father-in-law—to deny the charge, and he is, consequently, shipped off, away from the wife and young son, to die of some mysterious fever in a foreign port.

Miss Warner's writing is witty and ironical, and nowhere in England today can one find more felicitous phrases than those in *The Flint Anchor;* her prose, like her poetry, is lyrical, intense, eloquent and concise. But *The Flint Anchor,* occasionally reminiscent of Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga,* suffers from a certain stodginess inherent in the subject. It is perhaps *too* discreet. And it may be symptomatic of the deterioration of individualism in these times that Miss Warner cannot find for Thomas Kettle, as she did for Lolly Willowes, a way out of the dilemma.

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